Thats by me wounded both, our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phiſicke lies:
I beare no hatred bleſſed man: for loe
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. Be plaine good ſonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſſion, findes but ridling ſhrift.
Ro. Then plainly know my harts deare loue is ſet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine,
And all combind, ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage, when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we paſſe, but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.
Fri. Holy S. *Frauncis* what a change is here?
Is *Roſaline* that thou didſt loue ſo deare,
So ſoone forſaken? yonng mens loue then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.
Ieſu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline*?
How much ſalt water throwne away in waſte,
To ſeaſon loue, that of it doth not taſte.
The Sun not yet thy ſighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If ere thou waſt thy ſelfe, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline*.
And art thou chang'd, pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when theres no ſtrength in men.
Ro. Thou chidſt me oft for louing *Roſaline*.
Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.
Ro. And badſt me burie loue.
Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in another out to haue.
Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now.

Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not ſo.
Fri. O ſhe knew well,
Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not ſpell:
But come young wauerer, come go with me,
In one reſpect ile thy aſſiſtant be:
For this alliance may ſo happie proue,
To turne your houſholds rancor to pure loue.
Ro. O let vs hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſt.
Fri. Wiſely and ſlow, they ſtumble that run faſt.

Enter Benuolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule ſhould this *Romeo* be? ca
home to night?
Ben. Not to his fathers, I ſpoke with his man.
Mer. Why that ſame pale hard hearted wench, th
Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.
Ben. Tibalt, the kiſman to old *Capulet*, hath ſent a
fathers houſe.
Mer. A challenge on my life.
Ben. Romeo will anſwere it.
Mer. Any man that can write may anſwere a le
Ben. Nay, he wil anſwere the letters maiſter how h
ing dared.
Mercu. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is alreadie dead, h
white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare
ſong, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with
bowe-boyes but-ſhaft, and is hee a man to enc
balt?
Ro. Why what is *Tybalt*?
Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the
captain of Complements: he fights as you ſing prick
time, diſtance & proportion, he reſts, his minum reſt
and the third in your boſome: the very butcher o
ton, a dualiſt a dualiſt, a gentleman of the very firſt h